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THE HARTFORD HERALD.

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Worth Reading
You'll Find it in The Herald.

VOL. XX.

HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1894.

NO. 44.

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Rising Breast
"MOTHER'S FRIEND"
Is the greatest blessing ever offered child-bearing women. I have been a midwife for twenty years, and in each case where Mothers' Friend has been used it has accomplished wonders and relieved much suffering. It is the most timely and reliable breast known and has the power that no other medicine has.

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QUEEN OF SAVAGE MEN

IS THE POSITION NOW OCCUPIED
BY A WHITE GIRL.

Remarkable Story of Beautiful
Margaret Young, an English
Girl who was Forced to
Take the Throne.

SOUTH SEA ISLAND STORY

[New York World.]

The pen of that prince of modern romancers, Robert Stevenson, never wrote a more strangely interesting tale than the one brought from the South Sea Island by Capt. Luttrell, of the trading bark Helen W. Almy, which arrived there other day in San Francisco.

The Captain tells of meeting a white Queen of a race of savage black men, daughter of a white father, who was the son of an American named Young, who early in the century was cast ashore on the island of Muna.

This beautiful young woman, through her grandfather's marriage with a native, has by a remarkable and probably unprecedented chain of circumstances been placed on the barbaric throne against her will, forced to fulfill the functions of a sovereign, and, according to native customs with Queens, kept almost constantly in confinement in the palace.

Capt. Luttrell was accompanied by his wife, and in telling of their voyage they say that their strange experiences with the natives of the Muna group commenced as soon as the tops of the coconut palms that fringe the reefs rose above the horizon.

The inhabitants of the island who came down to witness the disembarking had more or less tattoo marks on their bodies, but this swarthy South Sea chief was covered from head to foot by the most fantastic designs that Capt. Luttrell had ever seen. He was a fine specimen of aboriginal manhood, towering far above his fellows and with most commanding presence. He welcomed the visitors with simple courtesy and led the way toward the palace, which could be seen half hidden in the midst of a grove of palms.

At the edge of the grove all the natives stopped except the great chief, who kept on with dignified tread until within about a hundred feet of the palace, when he stopped and called to those within. In this palace, so-called, was the white Queen. The palace was a more elaborate and more civilized dwelling than the other native buildings. The four walls were entirely closed, and over the entrance hung a heavy piece of matting which served the purpose of a door. It was raised a few feet from the ground and a wide veranda surrounded it. Small windows opened on all sides of the building almost up under the eaves of the palm-thatched roof, and over them hung pieces of matting so arranged that while no one inside could look out, light and air were freely admitted.

In a few moments there was a reply from within the palace, but as yet no person had been seen about the building. The chief called out who the guests were, and presently two young native girls emerged from the doorway, backing out, and with their bodies bent at almost right angles with their legs. As they came forth the chief fell almost prostrate, and his many followers, who remained at the edge of the grove, buried their foreheads in their hands, and with their foreheads touching the earth struck up a weird chant that rose and fell in delightful cadence and gave a strange impressiveness to the solemn ceremony of announcing to the sovereign the arrival of the distinguished foreigners.

The girls greeted the visitors by a low bow and held aside the matting as they by motions signified that the newcomers should enter. Capt. Luttrell and his wife seated themselves in the oocoo parlor, which they were surprised

to see was furnished with the luxury of civilization. A carpet of native grasses covered the floor of split bamboo, and couches and easy chairs were arranged about the room.

The chief, who had entered with the visitors, at once withdrew, because, by the native custom, no man shall be allowed to see the Queen. But this was an extraordinary occasion, and the chief had taken advantage of the opportunity to get a good look at the face of his sovereign.

On a low ottoman sat the Queen, a beautiful white girl of about twenty-two years. She was well formed and her demeanor was that of a person of refinement. In any other place no one would believe she was of a savage origin or the Queen of a savage race.

Her face, pretty and attractive and with regular features, had an expression of sadness. Mrs. Luttrell thought, and she seemed to be struggling against an inclination to speak. She wore a dress which was a modification of the fashion of civilization, managed so as to give the greatest comfort in the tropical climate. The Americans regarded this mysterious South Sea beauty in open-eyed amazement, and she, on her part, watched them with equal curiosity.

The two young girls, who seemed to be the Queen's handmaids, were constantly by her side. Their backs had been so bent by their repeated prostrations before Her Majesty that it was almost impossible to stand erect. She spoke a few words to them, evidently in inquiry, laughed now and then, but did not break the silence of this strange meeting. The visitors were dumbfounded and were not sorry when, at the end of an hour, the audience was at an end, and the Queen arose and with a bow withdrew.

Who could this wonderful white woman be? The Captain and his wife asked themselves. What peculiar force of circumstances had placed a white Queen on a barbaric throne? What meant all this ceremony and what signified the apparent isolation of the young woman and her refusal to speak even in the savage vernacular?

Early the next morning the chief, who had the day before conducted the visitors to the royal palace, and who acted somewhat in the capacity of prime minister and secretary to the Queen, came aboard the vessel and by signs intimated that the Queen was ready for another audience.

This time Mrs. Luttrell took along a silver card-case and a few other trinkets dear to the heart of a woman as presents. There were the same formalities as before on entering the palace, but the Queen seemed to be more sociable than before. Mrs. Luttrell's presence quickly won the Queen's heart, and after looking at her a minute, her eyes filled with tears, and in good English she expressed her thanks.

Her visitors' surprise at this evidence of her intelligence caused the Queen to laugh aloud, and she was manifestly highly pleased at the sensation she had created. Her reserve being once broken, she talked freely and frankly of herself, and during the day took Mrs. Luttrell into her confidence and told the story of her life.

She said that about seventy-five years ago an English sailor boy named Young was cast up on the beach after a great storm on the island of Tan, and almost in front of the palace then occupied by the King. His skin being white, and as they had never seen a white face before, he was looked upon as a god by the natives that the ruler of the island had sent them. They thought he was a supernatural being, and they took good care of him, for they feared that he had it in his power to destroy them all.

He soon learned the language of the natives, and, having abandoned all hope of rescue from these out-of-the-way islands, he became contented with his lot.

He told the natives who and what he was, and, much to their surprise, that he was mortal like them. He commenced his resolve to live with them, and in course of time he took one of the native women for his wife. A son was the result of the marriage, and that son married the sister of the ruling monarch.

"I am the eldest child of the son, and I was named Margaret," she said. "My grandfather in his declining years took an interest in me greater than in his own son, and he taught me the language of his youth. I showed an aptitude for study, and one day, when I was quite a big girl, my grandfather took me to Apia in one of the little trading vessels that had then commenced to call at Muna at long intervals."

"Shortly after I came back the King died in a plague that swept over the island, and I was chosen the ruler. My father and my grandfather tried to have some one else chosen, but the chiefs would not deviate from the custom that has for years been honored by the natives."

"It is the custom of the people of Muna not to choose the succeeding monarch from the direct lineal descent of the ruler, but to take the eldest child of his or her brothers or sisters. In that way, through marriage, I became the Queen of the island. A queen has not the right to marry, and if the eldest daughter should be married the next in line is chosen."

herself to be seen, except by two virgins, who are appointed to keep her company.

"She is not allowed to walk outside the palace walls, and if it should be her desire to visit any part of the island she must be accompanied by the two chiefs appointed by the council to place a large box on the veranda, before the door. The maids carry it into the palace and into it the Queen gets. The maids then carry it outside and the two chiefs sling it on a pole and carry it wherever she desires to go. Poles are provided in the sides of the box, through which she can look without being seen."

A council of chiefs constitute her advisers in all matters concerning the laws of the nation, and they have few laws. When the council is in session the chief who conducted the visitors to the palace acts as leader, and she approaches the palace once a day.

He communicates with the Queen by calling from the nearest point he is allowed to approach Her Majesty's home, and tells her of the council's doings.

If she is pleased, all is well; but if not, the chief returns to the council and the changes are made according to the dictates of the Queen. The needs of the people are few, however, and it is seldom that the monotony of the Queen's life is broken.

The native method of making presents to the Queen was also peculiar. When a native caught a particularly fine fish or got anything nicer than usual, he would place the article on the end of a long pole and cautiously approach the palace, as though afraid of being observed. The article was placed on the doorstep from the end of the pole, and the native would hurry away as fast as his legs would carry him, leaving the pole behind and not daring to look back.

Capt. Luttrell sailed away from this strange tropical island, shaping his course out of the harbor though an other mysterious current which carried the bark out to sea as wonderfully as the inward current had brought her inside. The natives piloted her safely out and said good-bye by a series of gesticulations given in a way that left no doubt of their good-will.

FOUR STORIES HIGH

Having the needed room to more than make good all the advertising claimed for them, the following four remedies have reached a phenomenal sale: Dr. King's New Discovery, for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, each bottle guaranteed—Electric Bitters, the great remedy for the Liver, Stomach and Kidneys; Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the best in the world; and Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are a perfect pill. All these remedies are guaranteed to do what is claimed for them, and the dealers whose names are attached herewith will be glad to tell you of them. Sold at the drug stores of Z. Wayne Griffin & Co., Hartford, and R. T. Taylor, Jr., Beaver Dam.

Forty Stories High
(Democrat's Magazine.)

The lofty buildings now in existence in our cities are as infants to grown men, as compared with the edifices in contemplation. Among other massive fabrics, a New York newspaper company has begun the erection of an office building which is to contain forty stories, and is to rise to a height of four hundred feet. Swift and powerful pneumatic elevators are to furnish access to the many floors. Each elevator of the new building is to be absolutely safe; its fall, were such an event possible, being rendered harmless by air cushions at the bottom. A building of such a height manifestly could not rest upon regular constructed walls of masonry. Therefore the architects have devised a system of interlocking of the interior fabric so that the whole framework is entirely independent of the outer walls, the mass of the floors and supporting columns resting upon deep masonry in the cellar.

Thus the outer walls bear only their own weight, and even in case of fire, could fire attack so impregnable a mass of steel and iron, the outer skin would in no way interfere with the inner portions of the edifice being entirely destroyed. On the other hand, should the walls fall, the interior—the organic portion of the fabric—would still remain intact, excepting such portions as might have been attached to the outer walls.

We recently considered what the storm had done to the dome of St. Peter's and the top of the pyramid of Cheops; but we have always looked upon such points of altitude as something just within the limit of fable. Now that we are to have actual buildings to whose lofty floors we are to be borne by an elevator, we can only pity the Arab guide who "dashes down Crephreus and up Cheops, for a single plaster."

Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey is different from all other cough remedies. It cures by allaying the inflammation and giving tone, strength, vigor and vitality to the respiratory organs.

It is reasonable to suppose that as Ayer's Sarsaparilla has benefited others it will benefit you. No other medicine is so effective in producing a radical change in the blood and imparting renewed life and energy to the whole system, both nervous and physical.

NOTICE
I want every man and woman in the United States to have one of my Sarsaparilla bottles. Address R. B. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., and one will be sent you free.

AWFUL TALE OF BLOOD

THAT SURPASSES MANY STORIES
OF BRUTAL CRIME

Incidents Leading to the Break-
ing up of a Den of Murder-
ers—Thrilling State-
ment of Facts.

EASTERN TEXAS STORY.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

In the neighborhood of Versailles, Ind., there lived some years ago a medical student of the name of Howard.

One night he and J. W. Gordon, who afterward became Attorney-General of Indiana, attempted to secure the corpse, for scientific purposes, of a young girl whose death had passed the most learned members of the medical profession in that vicinity. The ambitious searchers for scientific information had entered the graveyard during the hours of an unusually dark night, and began removing the dirt from the freshly filled grave, when the friends of the deceased, who suspected such an attempt would be made, opened fire upon the amateur resurrectionists with bullet-bearing guns.

The rustic burial ground was situated on the summit of a broad-browed hill that terminated abruptly on one side into a rock-ribbed bluff, from the top of which to the creek below made a jagged-face precipice of nearly 300 feet distance.

When the embryo ghouls were interrupted in their ghastly work by the rattle of lead from the cracking rifles of the enemies, they dropped their tools and rushed from the half open grave to escape capture.

Howard ran in one direction and his companion in another, and the former, in order to avoid his pursuers, climbed a tall tree that had been allowed to stand amid and tower above the white memorial stones that marked the resting places of the dead. His ascent of the tree was unnoticed in the darkness and confusion that ensued, and he remained for hours secreted and secure in his lofty retreat from the increasing crowd of vengeful citizens, who searched with blazing torches, every nook of the secluded cemetery.

Gordon was surrounded by an excited throng, who forced him to the edge of the yawning precipice. As his pursuers approached him with their fierce impressions he sent a thrill of horror through his limbs by boldly leaping from the dark brink where he had halted into the death-threatening depths below.

His long and unobtruded coat spread out in his descent, and, catching in the top of a tree near the foot of the steep declivity, prevented his being dashed to pieces on the rough rocks beneath. Slipping out of the supporting coat he slid down the tree and escaped with but slight injuries. And when those who had witnessed his frightful leap looked for his mangled corpse on the following day they found the latter, but life-preserving garment, flitting from the strong limbs of the tree, where it had been hastily abandoned by its lucky but fugitive owner. Gordon went to Mexico to avoid the penalty of the law for his grave offense, and achieved distinction as an American soldier fighting for his country in the war that subsequently ensued between the United States and that country.

Howard fled to Texas, where a few years later, he met a tragic fate. But his murder resulted in the bringing to punishment one of the worst gang of criminals that ever cursed that section of the country.

The outlaw leader was known as "Old Man Yokum," and living on the principal road leading to Houston, from the east, and more than 30 miles from the nearest settlement, made his location a convenient place for travelers to rest on their journeys to and from the thriving little city. Three grown sons, as depraved as their father, lived in the vicinity with their families, and aided their father in his nefarious deeds.

A number of solitary strangers at different times traveling in that direction had suddenly disappeared, and no trace of them had ever been discovered after reaching the home of Yokum. This led to strong suspicions, and many credulous rumors were about concerning the character of the house he kept, but the well-known vicious nature of the old man and his sons intimated the sinister motives of the suspected investigation of the suspected premises. Not far from the Yokum property, on adjoining farms, lived two planters named Britten and Carey, who, after several years of amiable intercourse as neighbors, became embroiled in a bitter quarrel over the shooting of the latter's dog by the former for killing some of his sheep. Past friendships were forgotten, and former good feeling gave way to ferocious hate. Britten met Carey on the prairie alone, and being the best man physically, gave his neighbor a severe beating, and threatened to repeat the whipping every time he met him by himself after that.

Carey was peacefully inclined and sought to appease the anger of his enemy in various ways, but his efforts at reconciliation only increased the abusiveness of the bully, who missed no opportunity to punish and annoy his cowed neighbor, until one day, in a fit of desperation, the constantly imposed-upon man turned upon his tormentor and shot him to death.

Realizing the enormity of his crime, he visited old man Yokum for advice as to what course to pursue in the matter. The cunning old fellow persuaded the murderer to hide himself and allow him to undertake the securing of a legal acquittal for the act. Carey was the owner of a fine farm, well stocked, and Yokum determined to possess himself of this property. For that purpose he induced the fugitive to execute to him a deed for the farm, telling him that it would only be a temporary transaction, and as soon as his troubles were over he would reinvest him with all his rights and property. Having got control of the land, which was very valuable, the rascal undertook to take into his possession all the stock and personal property, amounting to several thousand dollars. But the wife of the duped criminal refused to permit him to carry out his designs, and in his rage at her interference he threatened to betray her husband into the hands of the officers.

Alarmed at the condition of affairs, the woman wrote to Dr. Howard, at Houston, Texas, the particulars of her misfortune, and being a relative of the family, he at once started for the home of his distressed kinsman.

On hearing that Carey was kept in concealment about the Yokum premises, he went in search of the misguided man, to have him return to his home, surrender himself for trial, and secure the return of his property, for the benefit of his family, from the villain who was striving to strip them of everything and then murder his miserable dupe.

Howard rode a valuable and handsome horse, that aroused the enmity of the Yokum family as soon as they saw the superb animal, and they resolved at once to possess it.

He succeeded in communicating with Carey and convincing him of the nefarious scheme his pretended friend was practicing against him, and the harassed husband promised to return to his family that night and face the consequences of his hasty acts.

Howard accepted an invitation from old man Yokum to eat supper and have his horse fed before resuming his journey, but when he entered the stable to procure his animal after finishing his meal he was attacked by the three sons, who had secreted themselves in the building, and fatally shot.

Falling to the floor, while in the agony of death he drew his pistol and killed one of his assailants, who was approaching with an uplifted ax to finish the fiendish work they had begun.

The father, enraged at the death of his son, fired another bullet into the body of the dying doctor and ended his existence. The corpse was robbed of all valuables and then dragged to an unused well some distance away and thrown in.

Carey, who was hiding in the vicinity of the stable, witnessed the murder and saw what disposition was made of the body and head of old man Yokum. "I must kill Carey to-night as he knows too much now, and can be of no further use to us." Trembling with terror at the fate of Howard, and the knowledge that his own life was to be forfeited, the doomed man stole from the house of the murdered doctor from the stable and galloped to his home. He related the story of Howard's murder and aroused the whole community.

The entire county was called together, and the people resolved to rid themselves of the desperate clan that had so long thrived by crime in their midst.

Organizing for that purpose, a company of armed men rode across the prairies to the Yokum neighborhood.

The father and two sons had fled, leaving their families behind.

The corpse of Howard was first taken from the well, and in removing it the body of another victim, an unknown man, was found rotting in its depths. He, too, had been murdered, and his corpse cast into that foul receptacle.

An old negro who had been kept about the place to do certain chores disclosed to the parties where the bodies of three other travelers had been buried after they were murdered and robbed by these fiends.

Enraged at the accumulated evidence of the many crimes that had only been suspected, but were now conclusively shown to have been committed, the citizens ordered the women and children from the houses, and then burned every building to the ground. Not a structure belonging to any of the families was left standing, and the inmates were notified that they must, as speedily as possible, leave forever that country.

Pursuit was instituted for the fugitive male members of the family, and a few days later the old man was captured by the regulators in Montgomery county. He was taken back by his captors to the scene of his crime, and an effort made to obtain a confession of all the murders that had been committed at his place for the purpose, if possible of conveying to anxious friends the sad fate that had befallen the missing ones. But the wretch sullenly refused to make any statement, and, provoked at his stubbornness, one of the indignation committee shot him dead.

One of the sons was subsequently arrested by the Sheriff of Liberty county and placed in the jail at Beaumont, but the infuriated populace marched to the prison, battered down the doors, took the culprit from his cell and hung him to the first tree they found.

Every effort to ascertain the whereabouts of the remaining son was unavailing. He was never heard of in that part of the State afterward, and with the suppression of that family of outlaws no more murders or mysterious

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

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TO ALL THE PROMINENT RESORTS

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